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1916

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THE BUFFALO

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TENNESSEE

1916

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To

James M. Miller

whose lofty ideals, devotion to
duty, and consecration to the
tasks before him have been
a source of inspiration
and strength to the
students, we

Dedicate This Volume

JAMES MILLER

91887

Foreword

THIS, our second volume of "The Buffalo," we present with mingled uneasiness and pleasure. It is hardly possible or probable that the casual reader will understand the vastness of the undertaking which it has been our delectation and duty to perform. Over our work we have spent many long but interesting hours, and we therefore present without apology the results of our labors. We hope this annual may be a pleasant and a lasting momento or souvenir of the year 1915-16 at Milligan College both to undergraduates and graduates. We have tried to make the book a true and impartial presentation of college life in all of its phases and activities. And now, we invite you to the perusal of the book which contains our honest and best efforts.

THE EDITORS

Editorial Staff

Editorial Staff

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Milligan College

LOCATION AND HISTORY

MILLIGAN COLLEGE is located in Carter County, in that part of Tennessee which was once the Watauga Settlement. It is that section of the former state of Franklin—a commonwealth whose brief but romantic existance was terminated in a battle fought only a short distance from the site now occupied by the college grounds. Two miles to the north, at Sycamore Shoals, the American Volunteers who fought the decisive battle of King's Mountain started on the famous march which in the opinion of competent historians, was the turning point in the American Revolution.

After Sycamore Shoals and the days of King's Mountain, came Daniel Boone and Davy Crocket. Boone transgressed only a few miles west of the College; and at Boone's Creek, about eight miles south, there is shown to this day a beech tree with the following inscription carved on it: "D. Boone Cilld Bar."

The site of Milligan College, with its superb view of the Majestic Buffalo Mountain and the silvery waters of the Buffalo Creek flowing just below, was early chosen as an ideal spot for an institution of learning. Before the Civil War a school was established, which was attended by many men who afterward became illustrious in the history, not only of Tennessee, but of the Nation. After the war between the states this school was given the name of the Buffalo Institute. This school was founded by Colonel Baker, a man whose talented and lovable character left its impress upon the future history of the College.

In 1880 a young man from Kentucky, by the name of Josephus Hopwood came to Carter County in search of a place to found an institution of learning built on the broad foundation of Christian Culture, a clean heart and a clean life. Buffalo Institute was turned over to him, and in 1882 the old name was changed to that of Milligan College, after the sainted character whose history is familiar to all Disciples of Christ. For twenty-three years from 1880-1903, President Hopwood directed the destines of Milligan College. The story of these twenty-three years of disinterested and unselfish service is written not in books or upon marble, but in the hearts and lives of hundreds of men and women who are scattered all over America, and who are blessing humanity because they were given high ideals of life at Milligan College. In 1903 President Hopwood relinquished his

burden which he had borne so long and so well to one who had graduated under him and who was associated with him for several years as a teacher—Henry R. Garrett.

There could be no finer spirited man, nor one more loyal to the ideals of Milligan than was Henry R. Garrett. His life at Milligan was an example of purity and unselfish service. After years of work, largely worn out by constant service and by bodily sickness, in the year 1907 he was obliged to seek a warmer climate in the dry atmosphere of Western Texas.

After President Garrett was obliged to leave the work, the cause which he had so faithfully championed fell into the hands of a young man of Maryland named Frederick D. Kershner, a graduate of Kentucky University, and of Princeton. Rarely are mortals blessed with such a loving and brilliant nature as that of President Kershner, Because there could be no higher tribute paid to him it must be said that he is every inch "a man." President Kershner took charge of the college in the Spring of 1908. His resignation took place October 31, 1911.

Immediately on the resignation of Dr. Kershner the Board met and elected to the presidency, Dr. Tyler E. Utterback, a native of Kentucky, graduate of Kentucky University, Central University of Kentucky, and Columbia University of New York. President Utterback, being a man of large experience both as an educator and a preacher, has rarely been equaled among those who have made Milligan what she is. At the close of the year 1912-1913 President Utterback's resignation, which had been offered one year before, was accepted and E. W. McDairmid, a graduate of Bethany and of Hiram Colleges, was elected President of Milligan College. After spending one very successful year at Milligan President McDairmid was called to Hamilton College, Kentucky. President McDairmid was succeeded by James T. Mckissick, a native Tennessean and a graduate of Texas Christian University, The College of The Bible at Lexington Kentucky, and Harvard University. After one year of enthusiastic service at Milligan President Mckissick resigned, and Dr. J. Hopwood, the former president and founder of the college was called back to carry on once more the work that he had begun so well. The same ideals of life which ruled under former administrations obtain today, and the same emphasis upon purity and cleanliness of living, and the development of Christian Character remain as the core of Milligan Spirit. And whatever the future of the school may be the present administration is marked by its loyalty to the former Ideals of Milligan.

IN MEMORIAM.
MEE HALL.

DESTROYED BY FIRE, DEC 24 1915

WE HAD A HOME WE CALLED MEE HALL,
'TWAS BUILT OF BRICK, THREE STORIES TALL.
IT SHELTERED STUDENTS FOR EIGHT YEARS,
BUT NOW ITS INMATES ARE IN TEARS.
FIRE LAID IT LOW, AND WHAT REMAINS
IS ALL IN RUINS, OR IN OUR BRAINS,
OUR BOOKS AND NOTES THAT WE PRESERVED
ARE NOW ALL GONE, THEIR TIME IS SERVED.
AND NOW WE DO AS PAUL OF OLD,
TURN FROM THE PAST, WE SEEK THE GOAL
OF FUTURE YEARS, TO GATHER UP
AGAIN WHAT FATE TOOK FROM OUR CUP.

DEAR OLD MEE HALL, WE LOVED THY WALLS,
BUT NE'ER AGAIN WE'LL GRACE THY HALLS.
WE'LL NOT FORGET OUR DAYS OF YOUTH
THAT WERE WELL SPENT BENEATH THY ROOF.
AND ON THE TABLET OF OUR MIND
WE'VE GRAVED FOR THEE A SACRED SHRINE.
AND WHEN WE GATHER ON THE HILL
AS SOME GOOD DAY WE HOPE WE WILL,
WE'LL THEN RECALL THE MEE HALL DAYS.
AND SPEAK OF THEE IN WORDS OF PRAISE
TO THEE WE DEDICATE THIS SPACE.
ANOTHER STRUCTURE TAKES YOUR PLACE.

G. TALLIS THOMAS

Faculty

JOSEPHUS HOPWOOD

PRESIDENT

Graduate of Abingdon College Ill. Student of Kentucky University. Principal of Sneedville Academy, Principal of Buffalo Institute, (now Milligan College), founded Milligan College 1881, President until 1903, President of Virginia Christian College in Lynchburg, Va. 1903-'11, Established Lamar College in Ga. 1912, elected President of Milligan College second time 1915.

MRS. SARAH ELEANOR LARUE HOPWOOD

DEAN OF WOMEN

Educated at Adrian Christian Seminary, now, Hardin College, Mexico, Mo.

HELEN GENIVEVE CHAVANNES

DIRECTOR OF FRENCH AND HOME ECONOMICS

Student Randolph-Macon, Woman's College 1912-1914, A. B. University of Tennessee 1915.

WILLIS BAXTER BOYD, A. M.

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION

B. S. Burritt College, 1896; ibid., 1905; President of Mount Vale College, 1902-1908; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Clay County, Tenn., Student George Peabody School for Teachers; Graduate work at University of Chicago, 1908-1909; President of Dixie College, 1909-1914; Teacher at Milligan College, 1914-1916.

MRS. WILLIS BAXTER BOYD

DIRECTRESS OF BOY'S HOME

KATHERINE BURRUS

DIRECTOR OF VIOLIN

Special at McFerrin College; Pupil of Julia Baker Ruggles, of New England Conservatory of Music; Miss Bettie Sue Hutchinson and Miss Margaret Wright of Cincinnati Conservatory; John W. Rook, Student at Cincinnati College of Music, 1915.

BELA HUBBARD HAYDEN, M. A.

PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL HISTORY AND LITERATURE, EXEGESIS, HOMELETICS AND PRACTICAL WORK OF THE MINISTRY.

A. B. Bethany College; A. M. Bethany College; Pastor at Canton and Erie, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; Bowmanville, Ontario; Buffalo, N. Y.; London, Ontario; State Evangelist, N. Y.; Evangelist in England; Travel Study in Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece and Italy.

MRS. BELA HUBBARD HAYDEN

LIBRARIAN

Courses in Chautauqua, N. Y.

EFFIE KING

DIRECTOR OF SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS

Hamilton College; Teacher in Hazel Green Academy 1904-1910; Livingston Academy 1910-1915; Teacher at Milligan 1915-1916.

FRANK RUSSELL HAMBLIN, A. M.

PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE

A. M. Bucknell University, 1915.

NATHANIEL T. WRIGHT

PRINCIPAL OF MILLIGAN ACADEMY

A. B. University of North Carolina.

EDWARD PEASE

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Yale Conservatory of Music.

Administration Building

SENIORS 1916.

MARY HYDER

"DEAR"

"A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and command."

Graduate in Domestic Science; Matrimonial Club.

SAM JACK HYDER

"DIMPLES"

B. S. *"To continue love after marriage is a science."*

Matrimonial Club.

A. E. STONE

"DADDY"

"Who knows better how to tame a shrew now let him speak."

A. B.; Ministerial Association; American Literary Society; I. P. A.; Matrimonial Club.

ROBERT FORRESTER

"BLONDIE"

"My hair is white but not with years."

English Ministerial; F. D. K. Literary Society; Mid night Club; Assistant editor of the Buffalo.

W. PIERCE BLACKWELL

"If nae body cares for me I care for nae body."

English Ministerial; F. D. K. Literary Society; F. D. K. quartette; B. B. P. C.; I. P. A.; Assistant advertising editor of the Buffalo.

WALTER FORBES

"BROTHER DICK"

"He would be a saint if he loved God as he loves women."

English Ministerial; F. D. K. Literary Society; F. D. K. quartette; Class Poet.

CLYDE HENDRIX

"WHEELER"

"Thou has't little wit in thy bald pate."

B. S.; American Literary Society; College Quartette; Midnignt Club; Track; I. P. A.; Advertising editor of the Buffalo.

TALMAGE R. BOWMAN

"DEMOSTHENES"

"Far although vanquished he could argue still."

B. S.; F. D. K. Literary Society; Senior Class Prophet; B. B. P. C.

HOWARD CROWE

"He is a paralyzer of the female heart."

B S Degree; Coach of Basket Ball Team and Track; Athletic Editor.

JOHN RUCKER TODD, JR.

"SHAKY"

"I am strangled by my own eloquence."

B. S.; American Literary Society; Captain of Basket Ball Team; Winner of Prize in Oscar M. Fair Oratorical Contest; Senior Class Historian; Assistant Business Manager and Treasurer of the Buffalo.

LEO CHEE

"If you have any music that may not be heard out with it.

A. B.; Frederick D. Kershner Literary Society; I. P. A.; B. B. P. C.

CECIL L. CAHOON

"RED," "COONIE"

"I am Sir Oracle and when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

A. B.; American Literary Society; Tennis Club; Midnight Club; Business Manager of the Buffalo; Base Ball; Track.

EDWIN ATHEY

"UNCLE NED"

"I am not a politician, and my other habits are good."

English Ministerial; American Literary Society; Ministerial Association; I. P. A.

GEORGE TOLLIE THOMAS

"Forsooth! In love."

American Literary Society; I. P. A.; Art Editor of the Buffalo.

FRED C. BUCK

"BELA"

"Never works, and never worries
Seldom flunks and never hurries."

B. S.; Frederick D. Kershner Literary Society; Midnight Club; Social Editor of the Buffalo.

ANNE MILDRED PERRY, Ph. B.

"MILLIE"

"Her steps are music and her voice is song."

President of the Senior Class; Editor-in-Chief of the Buffalo; Member of the Ellen Wilson Literary Society; Queen of Hearts.

LEWIS M. BOTTS

"SILAS"

"He drew out the threads of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

A. B.; American Literary Society.

ELBERTA COX

"When a child she fell out of the window and fell down 'chunk'."

B. S.; Ellen Wilson Literary Society.

Senior Class History

FOR two college generations at least, a written history of the class of 1916 would be unnecessary. The classes from '13 to '19 have seen us in action, and they will not soon forget us. Alumni have heard of our activities, and tradition will pass on our fame to future Milliganders now painfully laboring in the graded schools. We dislike to talk about ourselves, and would be pleased to let our achievements tell the story, but the faculty insists upon a formal statement of some kind. Even the most complete history must omit many facts of importance, however, and this sketch, therefore, must be fragmentary in the extreme.

All things must have an end, even college days. We stand on the threshold of graduation and look back down the vista of time with a retrospective eye over the events of the last four years. The days spent here have been pleasant, and our work as a whole, a success.

As class historian I am ordained to chronicle, in brief manner, the events of the four year's course, and to mention just a few of the hardships and pleasures of that illustrious body known as Seniors. But before beginning the history proper, let me, in a minimum measure, numerate the requirement initiative to admission into the order of '16. First the applicant must complete a good high school course or its equivalent. Upon reaching college, all the tortues of science, literature, mathematics, philosophy, religion, languages, both modern and ancient. Besides all these, the male candidates, in particular, must undergo the most nerve racking and heart-rending tortures while taking a short course in society. Very fortunate it is indeed, that the above mentioned courses administered in broken doses, for so thorough must the reaction of the application be, that a few words in Latin will vividly portray the sites of ancient Rome, with it legions, temples, and bloody arenas; a sentence in French presents a vision of verdant fields and vine clad hills, while Paris, the throne of gaiety, and mother of fashion, stands out resplendant because of the slightest French accent. Mathematics must be so well mastered that great pleasures accrue from solving the difficult problems Calculus and Spherical Triganometry. The boys must be intimately acquainted with the study of Ethics, Psychology and Logic, and must be ready on all occasions to quote from Professor James. Especially must they keep before them always his views on housekeeping

in a tenement of clay. An energetic and enterprising fellow must discover also that it pays to remain out of Hardin Hall district unless especially invited to enter there by Mrs. Hopwood.

Suspecting none of this discipline, peril, struggle and pleasure which beset our path, the class of 1916 entered Milligan College on or about September 10, 1912. It was one of those days when the sluggish breezes were sighing plaintive requiems over the dying summer; and as the shades of evening fell the waning moon cast weird shadows over the sleeping world, while the glimmering stars awakened a longing for the invisible as it did in the souls of ancient shepherds while wandering over the Judean Hills. Some of us were strangers at Milligan, while others were familiar with the college premises, having been known as "preps."

In the Sophomore, or year of observation, the class through persistant and consistant effort of every individual member, covered itself with glory. It was during this term, the faculty became so alarmed at the rapid growth of the class, that in order to retain us as students they raised the college curricullum.

In our junior year we settled down to work in real earnest. Our class developed several athletes, orators, musicians and vocalists. It developed philosophers who will search the bottom and expound the mysterious theories of the age; orators who will avert the statement that oratory is dying out, and by their power of eloquence will raise it to its heights; poets who will raise to heights of eminence and fall in rank with the grand old masters; physicians who with their skill and loving sympathy will administer the soothing balm, not only to the physical needs but to the spiritual; musicians whose strains of music will touch the immortal soul of man and have a powerful influence for good, and with these it is sending forth those who have chosen the highest and noblest calling of all, who by their serene earnestness and tender pleading shall direct the world toward its Maker and thus fulfill His purpose.

With the coming of the Autumn of 1915 the same body of students, with some additions, and, sad to say, with some subtractions from our original class which entered college four years since, having endured, and in a way triumphed through the three years of grueling conflict, now entered school. Heartily, eagerly, and we may say, almost joyfully we entered into our last series of battles, and before such cheerful, and at the same time, earnest strife, failure is impossible. In conclusion I may say that the future success of the Senior Class is sure, for History repeats itself.

When we leave these college halls, let us not forget the happiness in the ultimate object of all human activity, and that hope and love are the angels that lead us on toward the mighty summit of the future. There was never a victory won in the world that did not come through human suffering. There was never a pearl of truth that was not the price of agony. Socretes taught the immortality of the soul and a cup of hemlock was the reward of his dreams. Paul preached it and was paid with the dungeon and death. Christ demonstrated it and perished on the cross that our fallen race might taste the sweets of eternal life and eternal happiness. All of the blessings that we may enjoy have come to us through toil and through tears.

The wisdom and experience, the philosophy and learning of every land and every clime are ours. Every library is a treasure house of wisdom and experience and every book is a volume of dreams. We open them and turn the leaves and the shadows of vanished years pass before our eyes.

Now, fellow Seniors, in forming your ideal of your individual duty, honor, and happiness, should you concur with these views and principles, you will carry with you, in all the private or public walks of life, an influence most benignant and beautiful. You will guide the less favored of mankind because they cannot but look up to you. You will thus form their views, guide their aims and elicit their support, on every question you advocate, for the public interest, honor and happiness, and that you may do so—be blessed in blessing, be elevated in elevating, be honored in honoring,—is not only the wish of your humble historian, but doubtless of every one who takes any real interest in your true and real happiness, in that of your nation and race.

If ignorance be a reproach to any people and if intelligence and righteousness exalt a nation to the highest rank and dignity among the nations of the earth, then under such auspices, we as a nation and people shall stand among the nations great and happy and powerful—fair as an evening without clouds, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

To the Senior Class of 1916, may the gates of honor, plenty and happiness be ever open unto you. May no sorrow disturb your days nor grief distract your nights; may the pillow of peace kiss your cheeks, and the pleasures of imagination attend your dreams; and when length of years shall make you tired of earth's joys, and the curtain of death gently closes around the last sleep of your mortal existence, may the angels of heaven attend your couch, and take care that the inspiring lamp of life receives no rude blast to hasten its extinction.

J. RUCKER TODD, JR.
HISTORIAN.

The Reverie of a Senior

"Oh, Reverie, thou queen of dreams,
Enchain me with thy magic spell,
Fly not while yet my firelight gleams,
Bide with me till my hearth is chill."

WHEN the class of 1916 was contemplating bringing forth this volume which you, dear reader are now perusing, it devolved upon me to foretell the future of the fair young ladies and the less fair, but none the less, young gentlemen who comprise its members. From that day and through many succeeding ones, I have endeavored by a thousand means to force the coming years to give up their secrets, but in vain. Despair was filling my soul; and then through one of the strangest experiences that has ever befallen me my efforts were crowned with success. It happened in this way.

I was sitting before my hearth stone in one of those moments of solitude which at times comes to us all. A slow fire gave forth the only light. I was alone. The dripping eaves, the sighing of the wind, imparted to my room that indescribable air conductive to dreams and visions, there sounded a knocking at my door. For a moment I listened intently and when almost on the point of losing myself once more in reverie, it sounded again. Upon opening the door I beheld a strange old man. He could not have been more than four feet in height. His shoulders were bent as beneath a mighty load. A long beard almost completely masked his face. He was dressed in an outlandish fashion, a strange garb composed of skins of wild animals and a kind of woven fabric which showed skill of workmanship. In his hand he carried a heavy staff which might have served, not only as a means of support, but as a weapon of defense as well. But these were not the things that impressed me most, but that which did leave an undying image upon my brain was his glittering eyes. A wonderful power was theirs, a power which seemed to eminate from the manner with which they slowly closed as one looked into them and then opened in a flash with a suddenness that was startling.

"Sir," he said, "I have journeyed far to find you. You are he who has been chosen to reveal the future of his classmates. But, you alone have not the power. For this reason I have come to help you. May I enter?" But, without waiting for my reply, he brushed past me and seated himself before my hearth stone. I

was thunderstruck. Who was this strange old man? Whence had he come? By his appearanc I knew him to be one from some far country. He motioned me to a seat beside him and leaning toward the fire, he sprinkled a fine, powdery substance into it. A red glow suffused the room. Turning to me he said, "You are now able to see into the future, you will find yourself in a strange city."

It was true. I was walking up a street in Washington City when I beheld, coming toward me, two familiar figures. One of them proved to be no other than our erstwhile president, Miss Perry. She seemed to be very happy as she leaned upon the arm of her husband, Mr. Fred C. Buck. Fred informed me that his heart's ambition had been realized since he had been sent to Washington as Senator from his beloved state, Virginia. His wife, he informed me, was the leading figure in the "Smart Set" of the capitol city. This did not surprise me when I remembered how gracefully she had ruled as the presiding officer of our class. I would gladly have spent more time in their company, but it could not be so. The scene had changed.

I now found myself seated on a bench in Highland Park in New York City. I soon spied two figures coming toward me. Doubtless their idenity would have revealed itself sooner had I have caught a better view of the little lady that walked behind that tremendous man. But, as it was he served to completely hide her (Hyder). Yes, truly it was Mary and Sam. They informed me that they were selling pop-corn and cracker-jacks about the amusement places at Coney Island.

Sometime later, I strolled up town, and was upon the point of entering a large department store, when who should emerge but our old friend, "Dick" Forbes. Dick informed me that he was pastor of one of the leading churches in the city, and that his good wife, the onetime Missionary of Milligan College, Miss Spencer, was a great aid to him, both in preparing his sermons, and as a musician in his church.

Bidding Dick goodby, I entered a nearby church. There in the pulpit stood Robert Forrester. His audience numbered among the thousands. With his wonderful powers he was holding them spellbound. But Robert had changed considerably. Instead of the lean supple "Bob of old" he now tipped the scales at two hundred ten pounds. Bob said that Ike Shupe's "dog jelly," eaten before leaving Milligan, was responsible for a large amount of this surplus flesh.

After parting with Forrester, I entered the city court room. A notorious murder case was in progress. Our old classmate, John R. Todd, Jr. appeared for

the defense. He made one of the clearest statements of a case that I have ever heard. He then finished with a masterpiece of argument. While I was so intensely interested in this case, I felt something pulling at my arm. I turned around and beheld a little midget, which was saying in a full grown voice, "I will be horn-swizzled, don't you know me?" Turning, I saw it was the runt member of the old class of '16, Lewis Botts. He informed me that he was the senior member of a famous law firm in New York, know as the "Botts Chee Law Firm." He said they had just won a hard fought case for A. E. Stone against the Virginia Iron and Coal Company. Stone had brought suit against the Company for having destroyed his life's ambition, and thus causing his wife to sue him for divorce.

After the trial was over Attorney Botts invited me to go to dinner with him. He led the way down to Fifty Avenue, into a popular Greek Restaurant. As the door opened between the dining room and kitchen, I glanced through and saw there the bald head of our old friend, "Wheeler" Hendrix, who had become famous as a chief.

Once more the scene changed. My strange friend now, by some unknown power, caused me to see a scope of beautiful country. Farms, mills, and churches were easily to be seen. I went from each to each. At the first stop I found our friend, G. Tollie Thomas. He was engaged in raising "Bred-to-Lay" chickens. Thomas had the audacity to try to make me believe that his hens could lay three eggs a day. While we were talking, Cecil Cahoon came along. Cecil had an old rusty rifle in his hand. Two very poor dogs followed at his heels. Thomas informed me that Cecil had taken up the life of a hermit since "Son" refused to become his wife, and that he now lived some where back in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Poor Cecil!

Tollie also gave me information concerning Pierce Blackwell. Pierce had followed up his ministerial calling and was preaching to a crowd of "Dagos" in the coal fields of West Virginia. Mr. Blackwell was accompanied by Mr. Ned Athey who was stirring the world with his prohibition lectures. It is needless to say that Ned was an old bachelor.

For the last time the scene changed. I was in Chicago. The greatest baseball game was on between that place and New York. In the daily paper I saw the name of Howard Crowe near the head of the batting list for Chicago. Crowe was also running a marriage bureau as a side business. Never having been fortunate enough to secure a wife through my own efforts, I decided to try the agency.

T. BOWMAN.

Senior Class Poem

Beneficial knowledge mill,
  May you ever run and grind
  Out men, and women too, of
Knowledge pure and noble will.

Stupid ignorance, Oh Mill,
  Is your raw material. Your
  Products finished for the
World, is wisdom glazed with will.

Freshmen of four years ago,
  As green as green could be,
  Came from the "sticks," as it is called,
To get what Men should know.

Now we leave the old school walls
  And go out into the world to farm
  Or teach or play or preach,
Or to war if duty calls.

Eighteen in number are we;
  A mighty force for God;
  If each his duty will perform,
In striving souls to free.

Eighteen in number are we;
  A mighty force for God;
  Stronger, in number, than the
Holy twelve who taught in Galilee.

Then let us all united stand
  Against the common foe,
  And teach the world of truth and life,
And not disgrace our band.

W. G. F.

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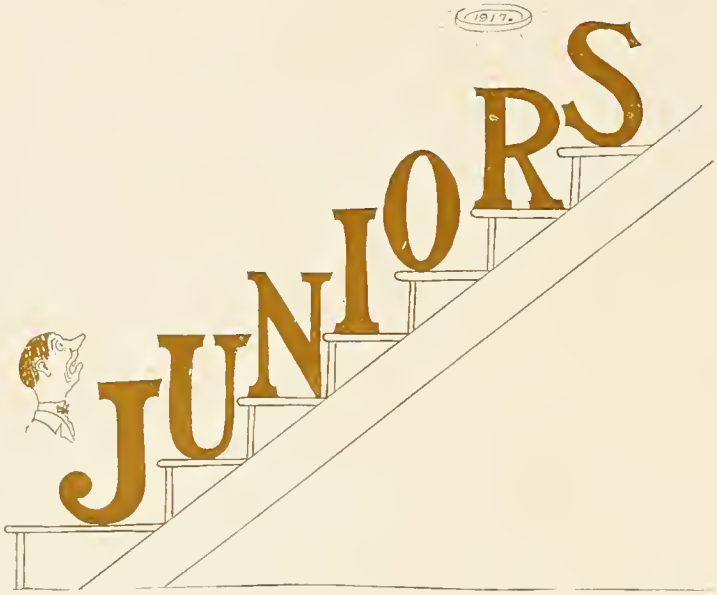

1917.
JUNIORS

Junior Class

Junior Class

NELL CAMPBELL ..... PRESIDENT
JOSEPH KEEBLER ..... VICE-PRESIDENT
HARRY GARRETT ..... SECRETARY
KEITH FORDE ..... EDITOR

FLOWER: Daisy COLORS: Yellow and White

MOTTO: *Find a way or make one.*

Class Roll

THOMAS ALLGOOD
CARSIE BOWERS
NELL CAMPBELL
RUSSELL CLARK
FRANK FARROW
ALICE KEITH FORDE
HARRY GARRETT
GEORGE D. HARDIN
JOSEPH KEEBLER
LAMAR PEEBLES
ALBERT TRUSLER
ADDIE WADE

A Glimpse of the Juniors

OYE Juniors! What a back-ground ye furnish for these sage and serious Seniors. What a glorious picture the Milligan College 1917's make, but any artist can portray a better picture of a group individually than collectively.

As I sit on the hill-side watching the boys practice for the coming base-ball season, I see Lamar Peebles, better known as "Sloppy," in the pitcher's box, and by his familiar ball suit of black and orange, and his cap with a side-way appearance, I can scarcely distinguish him from Christy Mathewson by the way he gives his curved balls. With his usual smile he says "A little more pep, boys." My attention is then drawn from the ball ground by the approach of a stately and sedate young man, with a massive crop of red hair, which makes me tremble that all Milligan hill is on fire. I at once know "Pokie" (a commoner name for Joseph Keebler) is near me, for I hear him calling in a commanding voice "Mutt, Mutt, where are you?"

The scene shifts from the hillside to Mrs. Hopwood's class room where I see a familiar couple who are supposed to be studying Shakespeare's plays, but if asked I am sure neither would know whether they were reading Macbeth or Peck's Bad Boy. They both are brunetts and are considered the most timid people on the hill; but in reality Carsie is the heart-breaker of the school, for Jean she has forgotten. Pete she turned down and Harry Garrett, the companion of the class room, is still in her highest favor. One cannot appreciate a brief description of Harry without seeing his facial expression when he laughs.

Coming from the English class I see Addie Wade tipping across the campus, with her flaming red skirt shining furiously in my eyes, and with her hair arranged in the latest way. "Pete" as usual looks pretty, and in her most fascinating manner and coquettish smile she asks, "Have you seen Mr. Crowe?" I then turn to see to whom she is speaking and I see a young man who seems by his English appearance to have just stepped from a London fashion sheet and if he only had a cane and momocle, Albert Trusler would look as if he were a native of our mother country instead of a Junior of 1916. Thus while I am sitting on the steps of the main building I hear something coming up the hill, which makes me think that Villa's army had suddenly come upon us, but O! no! it is just George D. coming

from the village. D. is very powerful in athletics, for he almost equals Jess Willard in size, but in reading Henry the VII and Merchant of Venice, his power is lacking for constantly "Mr. George" is asked to please read that part again.

One day as I was coming up the steps of Hardin Hall I passed a man with very black hair, and keen eyes; this man seldom speaks to any one of the girls because—well Mr. Allgood is a married man—and I suspect another reason is because his wife is always with him, While I am on the steps I look over the Campus, and I see beneath the pear tree, our class president who should be wearing a very important look, but not anything like that for Nell. By her smile she seems to be telling the world of her belief in "Liberty" or Joe Liberty; who is calmly breathing the sweet nothings in her ear.

I then notice or rather hear someone laughing, and Russell Clark comes bouncing into sight from beneath the hill. I am so glad to see Russell even smile much less really laugh, for he is always so calm and serious everyone feels that his Christian duty is to Sympathize with him.

Milligan is always an interesting place, and one never grows weary for the lack of attraction. I scarcely look away from the hill until I see coming up the walk a very dignified young man, rather tall and athletic judging from appearances. Seemingly he is deeply absorbed in a conference with his favorite member of the faculty, This is no other than Frank Farrow, who will by 1917 be the school's greatest orator, or at least an assistant French teacher or our champion tennis player.

I look again, my eyes go out to Buffalo Mountain but my thoughts are not there. They are, instead, in a small town in West Tennessee, where I see poor little Larry on a dray wagon. I stand for some minutes gazing, and Mrs. Hopwood's voice calling "sweet babies" brings me back from my land of dreams.

So here's to you wise Juniors, may your lives be just as happy as pictured here.

A. K. F.

Views Along the Narrow Gauge

FRESHMEN NO LONGER.
RAH. RAH. RAH.
SOPHOMORE.

Sophomore Class

Sophomore Class

COLORS: Purple and Gold FLOWER: Pansy

MOTTO: *Sola nobilitas virtus.*

LAURA M. BORING ..... PRESIDENT
ARCH WILLIAMS ..... VICE-PRESIDENT
MARTHA SPENCER ..... SECRETARY
EVELYN LOVE ..... EDITOR

Members

LAURA M. BORING
MARY LOU BRASFIELD
HENRY MARTIN
GEORGE I. BAKER
EULA POTTER
MARY PRATHER
EVELYN LOVE
MARTHA SPENCER
EARNEST SPAHR
AVERY SETZER
ROBERT TAYLOR
GEORGIE PERRY
JOE L. PURSELL
J. ARCH WILLIAMS

YELL

Boom-a-laca, Chic-a-laca,
Chow, Chow, Chow;
Chic-a-laca, Boom-a-laca
Wow, Wow, Wow;
Boom-a-laca, Chic-a-laca,
Who are we?
Sophomores, Sophomores,
Can't you see?

Sophs, as we are

OF course we believe that we are the only class on the hill. Last year we were green Freshmen, (but not as green as some thought.) This year we have climbed one step higher to the long hoped for title, Senior. I am not going to bother the reader with such dull things as when we organized, but instead, I am going to introduce each one of the members and tell something about him.

Now there is Laura M. Boring, everyone knows "Little'un," with the bobbed hair. She's little that's right, but what she doesn't know about English and Ball-playing isn't worth knowing.

And then Missionary Martha, no one would ever think she really is one, but then she has to plead guilty. One's only fear is that they will get her tickled and that would never do.

We must mention our Movie Star, George Baker. George thinks he will be playing with Margurite Clark before long.

Did you ever wonder why Horatio is at the bridge so much? Well, we know why, it's to see Eula. And talk about daring things, you just ought to see her ride through.

Don't forget our mathematician, Earnest Spahr, and whats more than that he is a musician because he sings in the F. D. Quartette.

Then there's little Bob. If you were to see him you would think him a baby but Bob says he's most a man.

"Say old Palzo" and when we hear that we know it is Pursell. He almost always has a visitor or the toothache but when he is not entertaining one of these he is at the Zoo looking for the Campbell.

Since we had a lecture on agriculture and were informed that Alabama led in growing corn and peanuts, Mary Lou says she is going to move there and farm and no "Robin's Roost" for her, she intends to have a Martin box.

I wonder why we always think of Henry when we mention Mary Lou. I'm sure I don't know but any way we do. Henry says he's perfectly willing to go back home and raise peanuts so I guess he's Alabama bound.

Sometimes when Mr. Setzer is looking so interestedly in some book I often, wonder if his thoughts are in the book or in Erwin. I know his heart is in that small town.

I'm sure if you don't know Georgie Perry you have heard of her. She's a cutter. Best ever in facial expressions. To see her imitate Mrs. Hopwood one would think the said lady present and to see the expression change to that of the honored Academic Prof. you would think her to be Janus, the two faced god.

I just bet you anything that you won't be talking to Arch any time before he'll tell you about Martha Ma-honey. Well she may be his honey but I doubt it.

We must not look over Mary Prather even if she is the smallest member of the class. "You know the most valuable goods are done up in small packages" and this is one case in which the old adage is true. "Doc's three great questions are: Where is Red? Did my box of "Mollie Wash" come? Did I get a letter from Burnette?

This brings us to the close with the hope that next year will bring us one step more toward Seniority.

E. W. L.

Soph. Sayings

Laura M. Boring ..... "I got a joke on you"
Martha Spencer ..... "When I was in the Office"
Bob Taylor ..... "Kiss me honey"
Eula Potter ..... "Where is that steed of mine?"
Earnest Spahr ..... "Pass the peach-butter"
Joe Pursell ..... "Fair 'nough"
George Baker ..... "Damfino"
Avery Setzer ..... "We can't spell it"
Henry Martin ..... "You know old lady"
Mary Lou Brasfield ..... "O! Henry"
Georgie Perry ..... "Signs and times"
Mary Prather ..... "Pardon me"
Arch Williams ..... "I'll get you yet"
Evelyn Love ..... "Say Little Boob"

MEE HALL

Freshmen.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

COLOR: Purple and White FLOWER: Violet

MOTTO: *Esse quam videri.*

Officers

MAE BALES ..... PRESIDENT
HAZEL NAVE ..... VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY KEEFAUVER ..... SECRETARY
GRETCHEN HYDER ..... EDITOR

Class Roll

MAE BALES
MARY KEEFAUVER
VERA ALLGOOD
HAZEL NAVE
PEARL BURLESON
ROSE DENNIS
GRETCHEN HYDER
GEORGE ANDERSON
M. S. EDENS
ZEB UPDIKE
JOHN MARTIN
DEWEY FORD
LESTER SHOUN
AARON ODEM

YELL

Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka,
Sis, Bah, Boom,
Milligan, Miltigan,
Give us room.

Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka,
Who are we?
Freshmen of Milligan
Tenn-e-ssee.

As Others See Us

MAE BALES

Calls herself the Goat. One of Miss Hopwood's favorites. Takes her morning nap on the sewing machine. Kind (?) to visiting basket ball players.

HAZEL NAVE

Basket ball. Very fond of birds, especially the Martin. "The Plague." Flirt. Devil in other peoples eyes.

MR. EDENS

Preacher. "When I was in the Army." American Literary Society. Married man. Eureka Club.

MRS. VERA ALLGOOD

Lover. Georgian. Married. A sweet disposition. Love in a cottage. Perpetual smile.

ROSE DENNIS

Debater. "Doggone." Shy as a squirrel. Poet. Fond of Alabama boys. T. O's. ideal.

ZEB UPDIKE

Booker T. Washington. Sleepy smile. Frosty. Likes to go to Banquets.

JOHN MARTIN

Minus a chin. Likes nuts (Hazel nuts). Novel reader. Dreamy blue eyes. Prof. Wright's pet.

MARY KEEFAUVER

Heart smasher. Basket ball. Recites. Likes bald headed boys. Onions, favorite vegetable. "Get any chewing gum?"

GRETCHEN HYDER

"Dimples." Fond of Latin Prose. Grins. Curly black hair. "Plague it."

PEARL BURLESON

"Little Pearl." Blue eyes. Shy. Man hater (?). French, favorite study.

LESTER SHOUN

Shynes personified Chapel absentee. Talkative (?). Has an anxious look.

SUB-FRESHMEN.

SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

Sub-Freshman Class

COLORS: Green and Pink FLOWER: Tulip

MOTTO: *We are launched. Where shall we anchor?*

Officers

FLOSSIE TRIMBLE ..... PRESIDENT
OLENZA PEASE ..... VICE-PRESIDENT
JAMES JOHNSON ..... SECRETARY
PEARL HYDER ..... EDITOR

Class Roll

ANDERSON, ROBERT
BOREN, MACK
BENSON, SLOAN
COOPER, PAUL
GRIFFITH, GARVEY
HENDRIX, LAURANCE
HYDER, PEARL
JOHNSON, JAMES
KNIGHT, LEE ESTHER
KILBURN, VERNA
NAVE, CLARENCE
NEWTON, CLIFFTON
PEASE, EVELYN
PEASE, HORATIO
PEASE, OLENZA
PEASE, NORMAN
PHELPS, WILLIE
PRICE, JOE
QUINZEL, ALBERT
REYNOLDS, WALTER
SHEPHERD, PEARL
TRIMBLE, FLOSSIE

YELL:

Sisserikka, pull the trigger, siss boom rah!
Milligan, Milligan, rah, rah, rah!
Sisserikka, Boom-a-lacka, who are we?
Sub-fresh, Sub-fresh of old M. C.

Sub-Freshman Class Prophecy

CAN it be that I was dreaming or was it a strange reality? I scarcely know which it was, for I certainly had been sleeping. Suddenly I seemed to be awakened by a gentle touch on the hand. I opened my eyes and there stood before me a graceful little figure of fairylike appearance. She seemed rather shy, and in a timid manner said: "Would you not like to take a trip with me?" "With you," I said, "and who may you be?" "I," replied my little visitor, am the fairy who assigns to all persons their future occupation. In Elf-land I am a most important spirit.

"And I pray what trip do you wish me to take with you?"

"I want to take you for a voyage in my boat called 'passing years' in order that you may see your class mates of 1916 as they will be engaged twenty-five years hence."

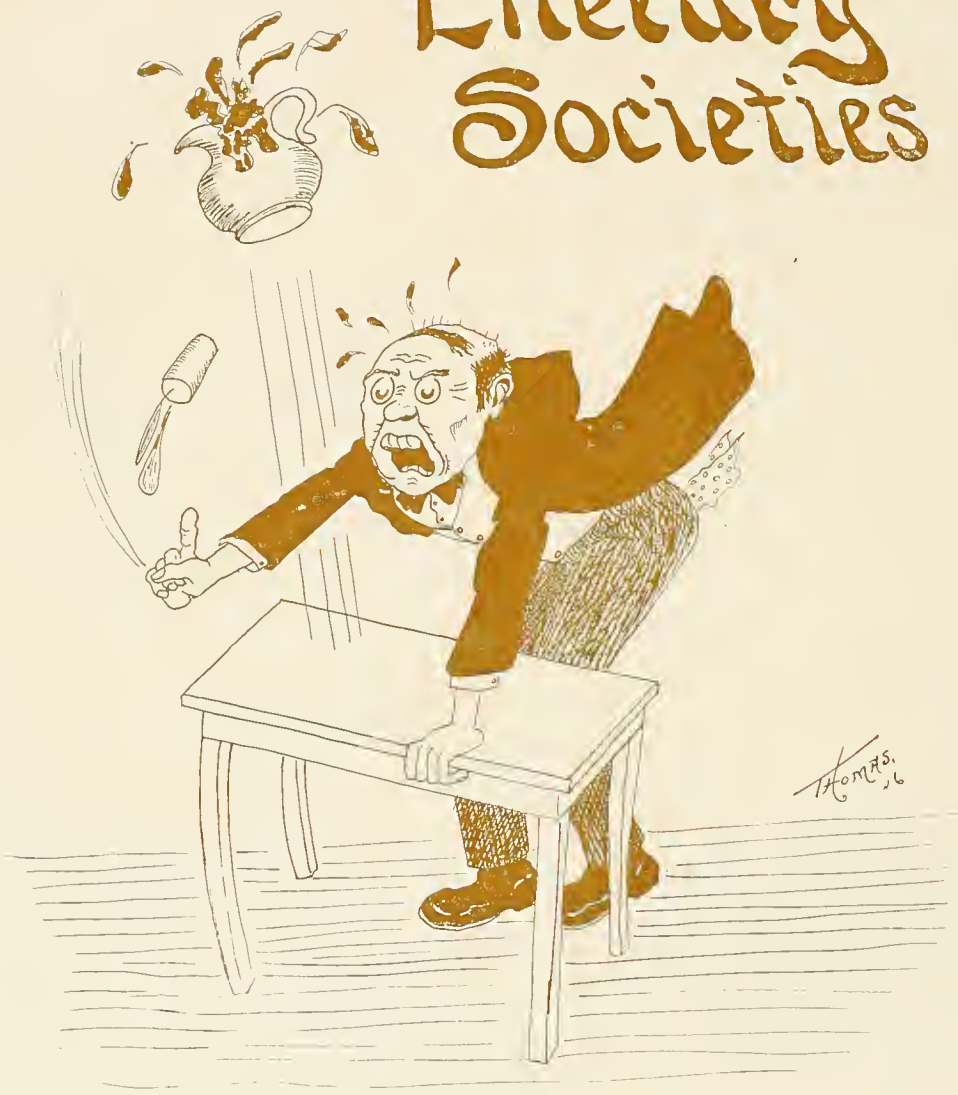
"Certainly, let us start at once," I said, and before I was aware I found myself taking a perilious trip over the river Imagination, after which I was enabled to visit all parts of the world.

The first city that I visited was New York, and there I saw a large conservatory. My fairy told me that this belonged to Miss Olenza Pease, who furnished flowers to all parts of the United States. On and on we traveled until we reached a city in the far west. I was attracted by crowds coming from a large building. I was told that Mr. Newton who had studied for two years abroad, was within delivering his famous lecture entitled, "Adventures on a Motor-Cycle." The illustrations were works of art, and were from the brush of Mr. Johnson who belonged to the firm of Nave, Phelps and Griffith, celebrated artists of Paris. As we journeyed southward I beheld a beautiful building, and my guide told me that this was a 'Ladies Seminary conducted by Miss Trimble, who was assisted by Miss Shepherd as teacher of elocution. In their work these ladies often consulted Mr. Benson, a celebrated lawyer. The next place we visited was the Chicago Academy of Music. A concert was being held within by the New England Quartet composed of Messrs. Pease, Hendrix, Quinzel and price, with Miss Evelyn Pease as accompanist. These musicians were all graduates of an Italian school which they all entered in completing the course at Milligan College. Continuing, for the boat of "Passing Years" traveled fast, we arrived at Washington and found Miss Edith Knight editing a breezy little paper. We read in Miss Knight's evening edition that the President, the former Mack Boring, was suffering from overwork, and had summoned the friend of his youth, Mr. George Anderson, a famous physician and surgeon at Washington, to treat his case. Messrs. Cooper and Horatio Pease were in Europe acting as foreign Diplomats. I noticed that wherever I went people seemed to be reading a book called "Day Dreams." Upon reading the book imagine my surprise to find the author to be my old class mate, Mr. Reynolds. We stopped long enough in New Orleans to listen to Miss Kilburn's eloquent lectures on Woman's Rights.

Now, whether I was dreaming or whether I really took this trip I cannot tell, but however it may have been I distinctly remember the Boat of "Passing Years," with its rudder of Hope, its sails of discouragement and disappointment, and its Hull of Victories.

Pearl Hyder.

Literary Societies



Ellen Wilson Literary Society

The Ellen Wilson Literary Society

NELL CAMPBELL ..... PRESIDENT
OLENZA PEASE ..... VICE-PRESIDENT
ADDIE WADE ..... SECRETARY
MARTHA SPENCER ..... TREASURER

Roll

MARY KEEFAUVER
ROSE DENNIS
VERNA KILBOURNE
LEE ESTHER KNIGHT
MARY PRATHER
LAURA M. BORING
GEORGIE PERRY
MARTHA SPENCER
ANNIE M. PERRY
EVELYN LOVE
VIRGINIA WHITEHEAD
CARSIE BOWERS
MARY L. BRASFIELD
MAE BALES
HAZEL NAVE
HELEN CHAVANNES
NELL CAMPBELL
ALINE SMITH
KEITH FORD
ADDIE WADE
FLOSSIE TRIMBLE
OLENZA PEASE
WILHEMETTA BAILEY
PEARL HYDER
LUCILE GARRETT
ESTELLE TAYLOR
EULA POTTER
GRETCHEN HYDER
MRS. ALLGOOD
LEILA ANDESON

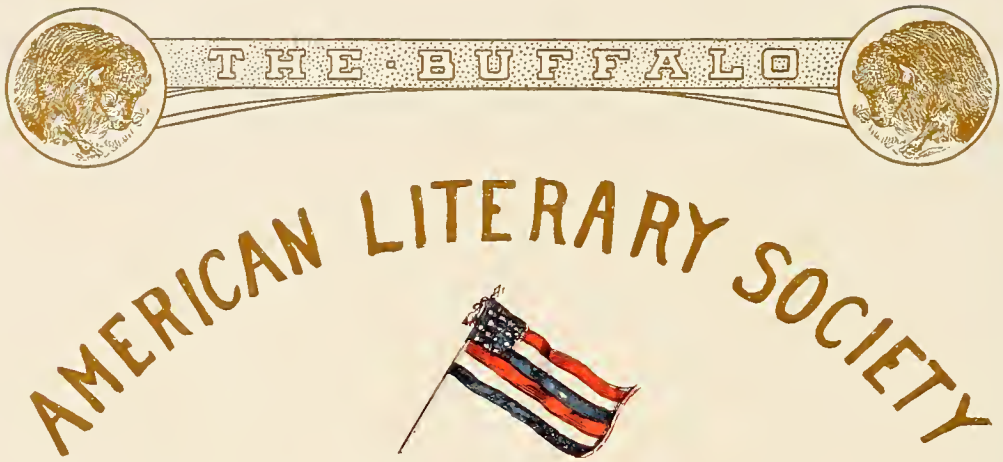
The Ellen Wilson Society, under the leadership of Mrs. Josephus Hopwood, met and organized on September the 11th, 1915. The colors chosen were pink and green, the flower, Kilarney rose.

MOTTO: *"Labor Omnia Vincit"*

The society has been of great value to the girls. It has given them ability in speaking, in debating, playing and singing. Each member tries to be present, and have the part assigned her properly developed.

The Ellen Wilson Girls meet on Friday evening. The girls have done good work and are proving to be worthy of the name they bear.

AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY



COLORS: Red, White and Blue — Emblem: U. S. Flag

MOTTO: *Study to show thyself approved*

Officers

N. R. ATHEY ..... PRESIDENT
J. G. KEEBLER ..... VICE-PRESIDENT
H. F. MARTIN ..... SECRETARY
C. W. HENDRIX ..... CRITIC
H. L. GARRETT ..... CENSOR
F. B. FARROW ..... CHAPLAIN

Members

J. A. WILLIAMS
G. D. FORD
N. R. ATHEY
H. F. MARTIN
A. TRUSLER
F. B. FARROW
A. M. SETZER
J. G. KEEBLER
J. L. PURCELL
H. L. GARRETT
EMMETT STONE
M. V. KIRK
M. S. EDENS
C. L. CAHOON
J. A. MARTIN
L. V. CROUCH
J. R. TODD, JR.
C. W. HENDRIX
F. L. PEEBLES
L. G. HENDRIX
LEWIS BOTTS

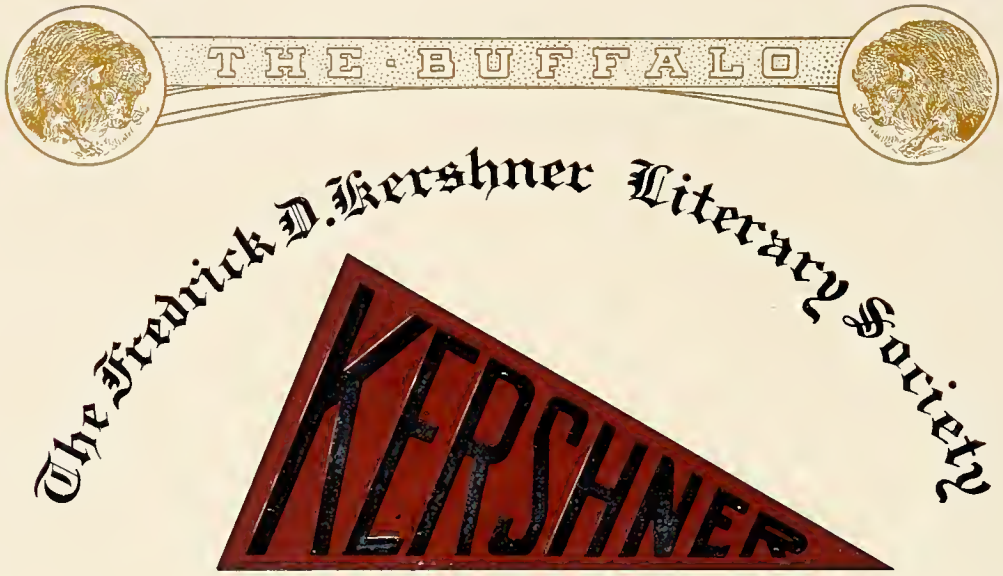
Honorary Members

HON. A. A. TAYLOR
PROF. B. H. HAYDEN

Senior Members

C. W. HENDRIX, B. S.
C. L. CAHOON, A. B.
J. R. TODD, JR., B. S.
G. T. THOMAS, A. B.
A. E. STONE, A. B.
L. M. BOTTS, A. B.
N. R. ATHEY, MINISTERIAL

Fredrick D. Kershner Literary Society



COLORS: Maroon and Blue — MOTTO: *Labor omnia vincit*

Officers

FRED C. BUCK	PRESIDENT
THOMAS W. ALLGOOD	VICE-PRESIDENT
ERNEST K. SPAHR	SECRETARY
HARRY WELLS	CRITIC
ALBERT QUINZEL	CHAPLAIN
JAMES JOHNSON	CENSOR
PAUL A. COOPER	MARSHAL
W. PIERCE BLACKWELL	TREASURER
REXTER R. GOUGE	JANITOR

Members

T. A. ALLGOOD	C. M. NAVE	A. QUINZEL
D. S. BENSON	H. WELLS	T. A. ODOM
A. Z. UPDIKE	J. C. JOHNSON	H. PEASE
W. H. PHELPS	P. A. COOPER	R. GOUGE

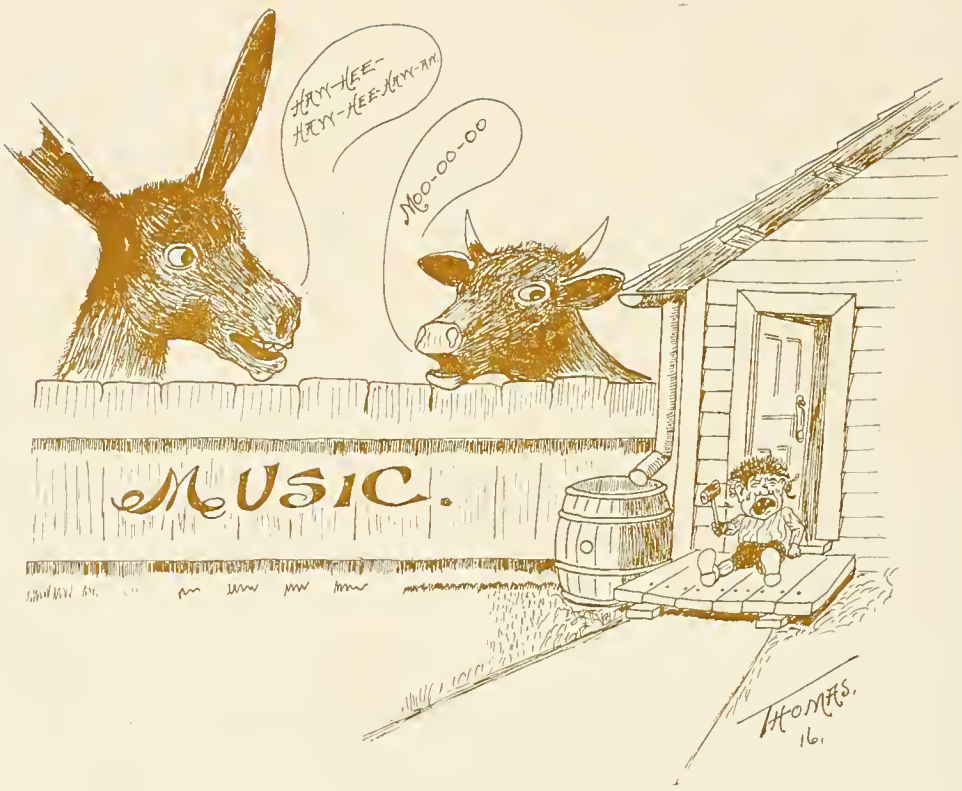
Senior Members

W. PIERCE BLACKWELL — FRED C. BUCK
G. ROBERT FORRESTER — WALTER G. FORBES
LEO CHEE

Honorary Members

PROF. F. R. HAMBLIN — PROF. JAMES MILLER

HARDIN HALL


HAYY-HEE-
HAYY-HEE-HAYY-AH
MOO-OO-OO
MUSIC.
THOMAS.
16.

Music Glass

DIRECTORS: PROFESSOR PEASE—MISS BURRUS.

Class Roll

HELEN CHAVANNES
GEORGIE PERRY
ALICE KEITH FORD
FRANK FARROW
MARY KEEFAUVER
PEARL HYDER
LAWRENCE HENDRIX
MRS. WILL WHITE
WILLAMETTA BAILEY
ADDIE WADE
LUCILE GARRETT
HORATIO PEASE
VERNA KILBURNE
ESTELLE TAYLOR
GRETCHEN HYDER
OLENZA PEASE
LORENA PEASE
EVELYN PEASE

MRS. VERA ALGOOD

ATHLETICS.

Girls Basket-Ball Team

Line Up

MISS CHAVANNES	CENTER
MISS LANE	FORWARD
MISS CAMPBELL	FORWARD
MISS NAVE	GUARD
MISS WHITEHEAD	GUARD

Subs

MISS POTTER

MISS PERRY

MISS KEEFAUVER

Girl's Basket-Ball

THE GIRL'S basket-ball team was a little handicapped in many ways and did not show team work until after the playing season; but nevertheless Coach Farrow, who has charge of the girl's athletics, put on a smile of confidence.

The young and new material that came out, however, finally developed into good players; while (Capt.) Nell Campbell and Miss Evelyn Love, who were the only old players, showed that they were stars.

Miss Mumford showed by her style that she will be a valuable player in a year or so, with a little more coaching.

Miss Whitehead and Miss Nave were admired for their spirit of the game, "Play to the finish."

Miss Chavannes, who played center, directed her line of attack in a superb manner and received heaps of compliments.

Miss Georgia Perry and Miss Eula Potter, who were the substitutes, made the regulars work for a place, and at times it looked a bit in their favor, but the toss of the coin made it different.

Basket-Ball Line Up

CROWE, COACH — PROF. BOYD, MANAGER

TODD (CAPT.)	RIGHT FORWARD
CROUCH	LEFT FORWARD
PRICE	CENTER
HARDIN	RIGHT GUARD
CLARKE	LEFT GUARD

TIPTON (SUB.)

Basket Ball 1915-1916

THE year 1915-16 was one of the most successful years of Basket-ball at Milligan College. The students at Milligan as they pass away from her doors will look back with a sense of pride upon the team of 1915-16 which held up her college name and made the old Orange and Black float victoriously.

The season opened November 22 in a fast and exciting game with East Tennessee Normal. It resulted in an overwhelming victory for Milligan, and as the game drew to a close Coach Crowe and Manager Boyd began to exchange glances of confidence of having a winning team. The final score was 66 to 10.

Our second game on December 12th was a fast and exciting game against Washington College. We were up against a fast team and the boys seemed to realize it as they rushed upon the floor with the old Milligan Spirit making old Orange and Black proud of each one of them. The team work was fine and they won by the score of 66 to 30.

On the night of January 11th the sturdy bunch of Johnson City All Stars went down in defeat at the hands of our boys to the tune of 72 to 15.

The East Tennessee State Normal which after brooding over a former defeat on the occasion of the never to be forgotten game, of December 12th, journeyed out to Milligan, but the normal lads seemed to lack team work; thus allowing Milligan to attach another scalp to her belt.

The Bristol Y. M. C. A. which had defeated some of the fastest teams in Virginia came to Milligan to try to add another victory to its long line, but all in vain. The Milligan boys slipped up on the 'Y' lads and tucked away a neat score. It was now up to Milligan to give a return game to the 'Y' boys, so she did, and after a hard and plucky fight on the Y. M. C. A. floor, lost, which made an even brake.

Talking about those individuals; well we have the dope; There's (Capt) Todd who showed by his actions and playing that he was playing his last year for Orange and Black, so he skillfully put up a consistant game at all times.

Crouch—is that whom you are speaking about? Yes he played his usual star game, and was there when called on. He's the fellow that showed E. & H. what Milligan has.

Price, well he is that big center who played a steady game at all times and showed cool-headed work in the pinches. Yes he had the jump also on every man he faced this year. That's going, isn't it.

Hardin, the steady guard, was right there in the grind at all times. He is the fellow that allowed only one goal thrown off of him in about three games. If that isn't a record, what is?

Clarke and Tipton showed good spirit in the game at all times, and will make good men for they are sure comers and show great promise.

H. D. Crowe who coached in earnest for Old Orange and Black, is putting out a fast team, and making a record of which Milligan will always be proud.

The fire that burned the boys dormitory during the Xmas holidays held back athletics at Milligan, and for awhile things looked gloomy. The late start was felt in various ways, but no where more than on the Basket-ball court. Most all the colleges in this vicinity had gone through their preliminary drills, and the coaches thinned out their squads, before our men got together. But as we look over the campus we see a group of boys gathering, and a stranger would ask, "What is the trouble?" But just then he is satisfied, as he hears the leader announce "Fifteen Rahs for Manager Boyd, and they all join in a chorus. Yes he is the man who kept Athletics at Milligan in 1915-16. And we thank him, one and all, for his spirit and determination.

VARSITY BASE-BALL TEAM

Base-Ball Dope

'15-'16

Day after day and week after week we have watched with eager interest the coming of the grand old base-ball season. And when the cold and chilly winds ceased blowing her misty breath down old Buffalo, we could see "smiling" Lamar Peebles who was our main dependence in the box, and never in a single game did he disappoint us. Giving the Base-ball Bugle Call to get in shape. He was named our base-ball captain for 1916.

When it comes to base-ball Milligan never lets her pennant drag in the dust, and it is very seldom she supports a losing team.

As this issue of the Buffalo goes to press before the 1916 season has fairly begun, we cannot tell the outcome of this year; but judging from the material, prospects look very bright for an excellent season. There are a few of the old veterans back, that will help to keep Orange and Black on top, as they did in the past.

It was generally known that Cecil Cahoon would take care of the backstop. He and Garrett would make a battery that any college would be proud of. Lloyd Crouch was the product of the previous season and from the way he picks them up no one cares for his place.

Russell Clark who is among the talked of third basemen is holding the third sack down like a leaguer.

John Todd, who has held down the initial sack for the past two seasons is still playing his usual game.

Now as we see the last home run clotted out to deep center and the grand stand rises up and gives the college yell V-I-C-T-O-R-Y we all take our hats off to the boys who have fought so gallantly for their Alma Mater.

LINE UP

Garrett	Todd
A. Taylor	Crouch
Peebles	Crowe
Ford	Clark
Boring	Cahoon
Price	B. Taylor

Dr. Boyd, Manager

Second Base-Ball Team

W. FRANK FAIR ..... CAPTAIN
DR. W. B. BOYD ..... MANAGER

Line Up

EARNEST SPAHR ..... OUTFIELD
JAMES ODOM ..... SHORTSTOP
GEORGE BALES ..... THIRD BASE
GEORGE B. TIPTON ..... PITCHER
GEORGE A. ANDERSON ..... CATCHER
CLARENCE NEWTON ..... SECOND BASE
CLARENCE NAVE ..... OUTFIELD
GEORGE PHELPS ..... FIRST BASE
HENRY MARTIN ..... OUTFIELD
W. FRANK FAIR ..... OUTFIELD

Track Team

DR. W. B. BOYD ..... MANAGER
HOWARD CROWE ..... COACH

Members

JOHN TODD
DEWEY FORD
ARCH WILLIAMS
CLYDE HENDRIX
GEORGE I. BAKER
CECIL CAHOON
GEO. B. TIPTON
GEO. D. HARDIN

Track Work

THIS is the first year that Milligan has ever tried to stamp her official seal to a track team. And the spirit of the boys is fine in this new work. Coach Crowe says the material looks good and prospects are fine for developing some all around athletes.

Manager Boyd has been working hard on the new track and is putting his heart into this work and says he will back it up, while President Hopwood will be seen often on the athletic field watching the boys run the dashes and no doubt slip us a few pointers.

As this issue goes to press before the boys get into shape we cannot very well make a choice of who's who, but as we look over the field we see a line of familiar forms toeing the hundred, and as they draw nearer we see Hendrix, Hardin, Ford, Todd, and Cahoon plunge across the tape.

Just then we pick up the field glasses and scale the mile track and our eyes fall on a bunch of sturdies rounding the quarter and getting ready for the stretch, and as they pass the grand stand, we see old Orange and Black holding her own for first place. So from all indications it looks like Milligan is not only going to have a successful year in Baseball and Basket-ball but will show them that we are up on a few points when it comes to the cinder-path.

Tennis Club

FRANK B. FARROW ..... PRESIDENT
CLYDE HENDRIX ..... SECRETARY
ARCH WILLIAMS ..... COACH

Members

HENDRIX
FARROW
BAKER
ATHEY
WILLIAMS
CAHOON

ORGANIZATIONS
AND
CLUBS
VIRGINIA
HIKERS
KU-KLUX-KLAN
MIDNIGHT
BIG BEN.
CAMPING DISH.
THOMPS.

Hikers Club

HELEN CHAVANNES ..... PRESIDENT
NELL CAMPBELL ..... SECRETARY
MARY KEEFAUVER ..... EDITOR

Members

ROSE DENNIS
LEESTER KNIGHT
MARTHA SPENCER
HELEN CHAVANNES
MAE BALES
EVELYN LOVE
MARY KEEFAUVER
NELL CAMPBELL

Virginia Club

HARRY L. GARRETT ..... PRESIDENT
M. S. EDENS ..... SECRETARY
FRED C. BUCK ..... EDITOR

Roll

HARRY GARRETT
FRED C. BUCK
EARNEST SPHAR
M. S. EDENS
ZEB UPDYKE
A. E. STONE
W. G. FORBES
C. L. CAHOON
W. PIERCE BLACKWELL

Chafing Dish Club

ALINE SMITH (Aunt Rhoda) ..... CHIEF COOK
NELL CAMPBELL (Bridget) ..... ASSISTANT COOK
LAURA M. BORING (Lolly) ..... DISH WASHER
MARY PRATHER (Polly) ..... DISH WASHER
KEITH FORDE (Jenks) ..... WAITER
GEORGIA PERRY (Ichabod) ..... WAITER
MARY LOU BRASFIELD (James) ..... MARKET BOY

MOTTO: *Eat All You Can*

Midnight Club

FRED C. BUCK ..... CHIEF SCOUNDREL
CLYDE HENDRIX ..... GRAND SCOUNDREL
HARRY L. GARRETT ..... SCRIVENOTER SCOUNDREL
G. ROBERT FORRESTER ..... ABSCONDING SCOUNDREL
CECIL L. CAHOON, JR ..... DIABOLICAL SCOUNDREL
FRANK B. FARROW ..... IGNOMINIOUS SCOUNDREL

Midnight Yell

We got no yell, and we want no yell,
But when we yell, we yell like—

Purpose

The purpose of this organization is to see that Professors, as well as everybody else, get no sleep from midnight on.

B. B. P. F. T. C.

MOTTO *Get all you can and can all you get*

MISS ESTELL TAYLOR ..... TIME PIECE
MISS EULAH POTTER ..... CLICKER
TALMAGE R. BOWMAN ..... TICK
W. PIERCE BLACKWELL ..... BALANCE WHEEL
G. ROBERT FORRESTER ..... HAIRSPRING
EARL TAYLOR ..... STRIKER
LEO CHEE ..... PENDULUM

Yell

Boomedy ben, boomedy bin
Big Ben's Pinacle, Big Ben's Pin.
Bennedy bow wow, bennedy boom;
We are the club in the pinacle room

Purpose

The purpose of this organization is to keep abreast of the time and to meet the demand of the hour.

Quartette

W. P. BLACKWELL ..... FIRST TENOR
C. W. HENDRIX ..... SECOND TENOR
E. K. SPHAR ..... FIRST BASE
W. G. FORBES ..... SECOND BASE

Favorite Songs

"Hail Jerusalem"
"Three Little Kittens"
"When Jack Proposed"
"That Old Goat"
"Little Jack Horner"

INTER-COLLEGIATE PROHIBITION ASSOCIATION

The Intercollegiate Prohibition Association.

W. G. FORBES ..... PRESIDENT
MISS NELL CAMPBELL ..... SECRETARY
PROF. B. H. HAYDEN ..... DIRECTOR

Members

J. G. KEEBLER
MARK KIRK
B. F. LEWIS
HENRY MARTIN
JOHN MARTIN
JOE PURSELL
A. QUINZEL
ERNEST SPAHR
ALINE SMITH
MARTHASPENCER
ZEB UPDYKE
J. A. WILLIAMS
N. R. ATHEY
T. A. ALLGOOD
W. P. BLACKWELL
CARSIE BOWERS
F. C. BUCK
NELL CAMPBELL
ROSE DENIS
M. D. EDENS
F. B. FARROW
W. G. FORBES
G. R. FORRESTER
CLYDE HENDRIX

Ministerial Association

G. ROBERT FORRESTER ..... President
WALTER G. FORBES ..... Vice-President
G. TOLLIE THOMAS ..... Secretary
B. H. HAYDEN ..... Critic

Members

Allgood, T. W.
Athey, N. R.
Blackwell, W. P.
Bowman, T. R.
Cooper, P.
Chee, Leo
Edens, M. F.
Farrow, F. B.
Forbes, W. G.
Forrester, G. R.
Quinzel, Albert

Social.

Soral Department

THOUGH Milligan College is a departmental school, and is, therefore, divided into many divisions; yet there is no department that offers so many inducements, and is so interesting and fascinating as the Social Department. It would be safe to say that there is no division which contains more earnest and ever-ready pupils than the Social Department.

The teacher of this department is Cupid. The sole object in view is the developing and uniting of Hearts. Cupid's work would be easy but for the fact that he has his enemies. The most pronounced enemy of Cupid and his work here is "Honey Bee." At times she lectures for hours in a vain attempt to prevent "her girlies" from allowing their hearts to be wooed and won. Again, she may be seen standing on the porch of Hardin Hall at the sunset hour, wringing her hands and exclaiming, "girlies, girlies, girlies, come in, come in, come in."

Her "girlies" very reluctantly obey her call and come in. But they are very prone to forget her orders, and are very often seen again on the next evening taking lessons from their teacher.

One who also may be considered an enemy of Cupid is that long lanky friend of the heads of this institution who frequently visits here. He is the worthy reporter of "Honey-Bee" and one that may be depended on every time. His occupation as a reporter meets with opposition sometimes, on the part of the girls who salt him down when he gets too fresh.

The ways of getting by the enemies of Cupid are many, and varied. The smoothest and most popular way is the method of fresh air. Every afternoon one may see the followers of Major Ozone sitting peacefully and undisturbedly on the hillside, watching, apparently, the ball practice. It has been said that ignorance is bliss, so "Rest on sage faculty."

In some ways, our faculty might be considered a little dull of comprehension, especially when they interpret the early arrivals in the class room as a thirst for knowledge instead of a thirst for love.

There is always an eagerness for the mail. Mrs. Hopwood asked some of the girls why this was so to which they replied: "Mrs. Hopwood, if we go to the gate we are sure of getting some mail (male) but if we wait up here, there is a possibility of not getting any mail at all."

If at the sunset hour, one would let his glances rest at the south-east corner of Hardin Hall, he would feel himself carried back to the Shakesperian period, where he would witness again a Romeo and Juliet scene. There is always a change of scenes from the Shakesperian period to that of Milligan life, however, when a sack of water from above, like a bomb from an aeroplane, hits Romeo on his manly brow.

There comes a time in the weekly history of this institution when law-abiding citizens may sit at the feet of Cupid and enjoy his good pleasure. This is on Monday afternoon—Even "Honey-bee" opens up her heart and extends a welcoming hand to the indulgers and bids them "talk in peace." Cupid then takes his stand in his rightful place and shakes his fist at such enemies as he may have. Arrows then fly everywhere and hearts are bound closer together in what may be termed the "Milligan Spirit."

Addie Wade (Pete)
Howard Crowe (Shortie)

If Howard were poor
I would love him the same;
We would dwell in a cabin
In Poverty's Lane.

Virginia Whitehead (Jenny)
George Baker (Charley Chaplin)

A movie actor he;
A famous artist she;
She paints him up for his part,
He poses before her art.

Keith Ford (Miss Laura)
Dewey Ford (Do Nothing)

With Zim away I am consoled
To give "Do Nothing" the place to hold
But that he's a "fill in" all will see
When Zim returns—catch me?

Helen Chavannes (Walker)
Frank Farrow (Coach)

He captured seven girls' hearts;
For Helen he dropped them all,
To her won by Cupid's darts,
Fred's love began to pall.

Mary Keefauver (Fatty)
Clyde Hendrix (Wheeler)

Russell sent her to the kitchen,
He told her not to stay;
She fell in love with a bald-headed boy
And couldn't get away.

Eula Potter (Roust-a-bout)
Horatio Pease (Young Student)

Yes 'tis a shame to rob the cradle
But love has never proved fatal.
Her favorite vegetable Pease
She finds to be good heart's ease.

Mary Prather (Son)
Cecil Cahoon (Red)

Cecil sighed and all in vain
For the love of Mary Prather
Who said "Please pardon me again,
Cecil, I don't love you either."

Martha Spencer (Missionary)
Dick Forbes (Brother Dick)

If she'd be his father's daughter
He'd be her father's son
Then they'd live at both places
When he and she were one.

Erva Munford (Josephine)
Lawrence Hendrix (Pos)

Erva was not steady on her feet,
But in a manner most conjuring;
Mrs. Hendrix's son caught just the sweet
And confessed she was alluring.

Aline Smith (Eny)
Mark Kirk (Dudy)

They are sure things
Everyone knows;
There'll be two rings
'Fore next winter's snows.

Evelyn Love (Freckles)
Loyd Crouch (Willie)

Robbie was sure she had him
'Till Evelyn made her move,
But troubles ?—Loyd has them,
For love runs never smooth.

Hazel Nave (Hazel Bug)
John Martin (Big-foot)

Walking over the campus
You may see this pair;
They usually fuss.
But in love all's fair.

Georgia Perry (Mutt)
Joseph Keebler (Pokey)

Poor Pokie has a time of it;
  Last year George loved him none,
This year she says that they have quit
  I guess that means they're done (?)

Rose Dennis (Queer)
Olin Slaughter (Quitter)

He may be away
  But he is not gone;
Together some day
  Two hearts will be one.

Katherine Burrus (Baby)
Joe Crouch (Monkey)

Though we call her baby
  She's a dear little lady;
Though his name is Crouch
  He's fun and love, not grouch

Anna Mildred Perry (Lizzie Jane)
Fred C. Buck (Bela)

Though supposed a man hater
  Anne's Love is fearful;
So, Bela tells "Sis Bertha"
  She'd better be right careful.

Nell Campbell (Capt'n)
  Joe Pursell (Pussall)

Nell and Pussall
  And that's about all
If this be sporting
  Then I am done courting.

Laura Mary Boring (Lolly)
Lamar Peebles (Sloppy)

The two that are the most feeble
  Laura Mary and Lamar Peebles.
They stroll along the walk
  And spend their hours in idle talk.

Verna Kilburne (Peggy)
Harry Wells (Sweety)

Peggy's awful busy;
Harry goes by—so.
Will he stop and help?
"Surest thing you know."

Effie King
Russell Hamblin

The talkative professor (?)
And the witty Miss King (?)
In love he's no progressor
So she is just the thing.

Carsie Bowers (Sprunt)
Harry Garrett (Lasses)

Harry and Carsie are great chums,
And make time short with their tongues.
They see each other every day,
And have a little something to say.

Gretchen Hyder
Lee Esther Knight

Gretchen and Lester
Have no beaux,
But it's no fault of the boys
As everyone knows.

Mary Lou Brasfield (Grannie)
Henry Martin (Snooks)

Though Kentuck is her home
We all know for sartin
That to Alabama she will roam
Some day with Henry Martin.

May Bales (Spoony)
George Anderson (Pooks)

This couple make the best of friends
Since Harry disappeared.
The way this little case may end
May only be inferred.

"One Thing I Do"

One time Paul said, "One thing I do,"
  The preacher read to us today.
Now this should be our motto too,
  And organize our work or play.

"One thing I do," and that alone,
  I'll concentrate and do my work,
I'll study math; if math's a drone
  I'll do the task, and will not shirk.

I'll take my science, grand old book,
  And bar all other thoughts just now,
On basket-ball I will not look
  Until those problems, I've learned how.

There's History, of heroes brave,
  That one time trod the walks of men,
Caesar, Franklin and Lincoln grave,
  "One thing I do," just one again.

The Ancients now. I'll not neglect,
  For culture is one thing I seek;
"One thing I do," is to select
  From Hebrew, Latin, or the Greek.

"One thing I do," dear Lord, just one,
  For tests that come I will not cram;
My English work must now be done,
  "One thing I do," is take exam.

"One thing I do," and only one,
  In this good hour now in my hold,
I'll take an hour or two for fun,
  Or maybe try to earn some gold.

"One thing I do," just one today,
  Forget those things which are behind,
I'll look before, that I some way,
  May help the halt, the maimed, the blind.

G. T. T.—'15.

CALENDAR

THOMAS.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

7. Happy home coming.
8. Short welcome by Prof. Hopwood. Miss Chavannes and Prof. Hamblin make their debut by speech-making at re-union.
13. Mrs. Hopwood gives reception for girls and boys. Plenty of girls but no boys.
18. Hugh Finley Builds D. S. fire (?)
19. Mrs. Hayden chaperones a crowd of boys and girls to Watauga River that they may behold the beauty,
27. All, both students and faculty, explore the wilds of Buffalo Mountain. Miss King, captures a specimen.

OCTOBER

3. Dr. Hayden dismisses the Ministerial students that they may attend the circus.
6. Dr Hayden entertains. Leo sings a love song and Mary K. reads Sally Ann.
15. Boys return from town at a late hour, sneak in and sleep four in a bed.
19. Girls play "leap frog leap." Lawrence spies.
25. Gorge day. Some say tunnels are worth their price.
26. "Tige" Wright discovers scientific specimen.
31. Slaughter leaves. Rose wears mourning.

NOVEMBER

4. Mr. Buck returns from political campaign and requests his love be put in poetry.
6. Lloyd and Henry fight. Crowe referees and has a black eye for a souvenir.
15. Russell and Keefauver quarrel. No tears shed.
25. American program. Mock faculty meeting. The faculty are indignant at seeing themselves as others see them.
26. Miss Burrus, by request of Miss Chavannes, entertains Finley's friend(?).

DECEMBER

1. Prof. Hopwood is delighted over boys throwing away their cigarette book (?)
5. Mrs. Hopwood doesn't allow the boys to snow-ball her sweet babies.

11. Boys play basket ball.
18. Everyone goes home. Some lonesome about Hardin Hall.
23. Mee Hall Burns. Crouch wants to know what to do with his things. "Providence will provide."
24. Millie gets Chinese letter.
29. Dr. Boyd writes to the boys and tells them to come back and stand by their colors.

JANUARY

1. New resolutions. Boys quit smoking.
3. Students return. Tears shed over Mee Hall ruins.
5. Senior Class receives a recruit in the person of Clyde Hendrix.
17. Missionary Martha arrives.
19. Mrs. Hopwood has girls' meeting. Poor Robbie and Addie!
31. Girls play basket ball with Bristol High School. Enough said.

FEBRUARY

1. "Skimption" appears on the scene.
10. Frank captures Miss Chavannes, Buck leaves for Richmond as the result.
12. Dr. and Mrs. Hopwood gives banquet. Dr. falls in the cellar.
14. Valentine Day. Red Cahoon receives a funny valentine. (Prather) (?)
18. Prof. Hayden announces that his Liquor Class will meet at four o'clock.
21. Mrs. Hopwood orders a dress rehersal. Advises sleeves for Nell, a lining for Keefauver's sleeves, and a draw string for all.
22. Ellen Wilson girls give program and banquet.

MARCH

6. Boys' room stacked and girls accused.
12. Seniors go to town and have beauty struck. Leo breaks camera.
25. Students and faculty enjoy Prof. Hamblin's visit.
31. Liquor contest. Bro. Dick wins. American Banquet.

APRIL

1. April Fool. Campus day. Addie entertains in the editorial room. Rose suggests that Addie and Crowe get curtains for Editorial Room.
3. Base ball with Normal.
5. Lloyd Crouch goes to Sunday School Convention.
7. Mrs. Hendrix turns in her weekly report.

LIBRARY

"CROSSING THE BAR."
WITH APOLOGIES TO TENNYSON.

POET'S CORNER

Miss and Mister

In haste I went to the Harden Hall
In search of a book—not to call.
I met Perry's George, and Love's Eveline
On the day which is called St. Valentine.

Windy D, Lloyd, Wells and I,
The gayest of lads, were feeling quite spry;
When through the door the matron came;
"I'll lecture a moment on the use of a name."

Gentlemen always put Miss first.
Not to do so you would be worse
Than "heathens, idiots or fools—
Boys who never attended schools."

I sat and wondered in silent awe,
If God Almighty made it a law
That crystallized customs still
Has power to rule the human will.

I hate such thoughts. My heart is sick
I care for no names but Bro. Dick,
Georgie, Mary and Laura; as well
As Aline, Pete, and Robbie and Nell.

Keath, Millie, and Roxie and Rose;
I love those names, the good Lord knows.
Erva, Verna and Martha you know,
As Do-Nothing says "Ain't that so."

Are the sweetest of names, they all say,
As well as Jennie, Carsie and May,
Leista Knight and Hazel Nave,
The first names boys, is what we crave.

This is only the trend of my mind.
I dare to be rude, naughty, unkind
When aged experience to the end doth see
That worn-out customs for you and for me.

Will serve us better than anything new;
So you Mr. me and I'll Miss you.
While politics, religion and commerce change
The forms of society will remain the same.

W. G. F.

9418

Lour

I held her by her little hand;
I looked into her eyes;
I thought of roses, birds and things
And dreamed of paradise.

I would have kissed her pretty lips
To prove that I would dare,
But papa rushed upon the scene
And kicked me down the stair.

"If you and I and ewe and eye
And yew and aye (dear me)
Were all to be spelled u and i,
How mixed up we should be."

T. Bow.

Rats

Mary had a little rat
(As all girls do you know)
And Marie's hat sat on her rat
Now ain't that funny. By Joe!

Now if that rat that Mary had,
Had been a rat for fair,
Mary would have run a block
To Climb upon a chair.

"A flea and a fly in a flue
In prison; so what could they do?
Said the flea "let us fly"
Said the fly "let us flee,"
And they flew through
A flaw in the flew."

T. Bow.

To Miss Burrus

(On hearing a selection of her music)

Touched by your fingers, fed by the glow
Of your warm heart; Violin and bow
Awakend such melody—such harmonious flow
As lovers hearts in springtime know.
Not even the notes of the mocking bird,
When from his throat his song is stirred,
Can thrill our souls; as those we've heard
From your violin and your bow.
As when the morn with crimson light
Dispels the shades of sable night,
So with your violin and your bow
From out our hearts you drive all woe
And fill them till they overflow
With music, such as angels know.

T. Bowman.

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

Robert Browning

Banquet Flowers

My thinking box is up side down,
  My head is in a whirl.
I don't know what to do or think
  In this old fashioned world.

My conscience did not teach me this,
  No more than April showers,
That it was sin of Adam's kind
  To buy a girl some flowers.

Boquets and girls and banquets too,
  Have always been a charm
To every one of masculine sex
  Since God on chaos dawned.

"Full many a flower is born," says Gray,
  "Is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on the desert air,"
  But to pluck would be mean so mean.

Jesus our Saviour and Lord and King
  Strolled the fields for hours,
Watching the fox and innocent bird
  And breathing the odor of flowers.

"Consider the lilies of the field," said he,
  "Neither toiling nor spinning," if you please;
"Yet Solomon in all his glory arrayed
  Even as one of these."

By the flower, a note of the heart was touched,
  Of both Jesus our Lord, and the poet,
In the heart of the youth the same note is,
  If the old folks did but know it.

Then why should they rage like the king of beast
  When the silver cord is broken
At the heart that was once as light as ours
  And roses were a true love token?

W. G. F.

JOKES.

As You Like It

Howard Crowe.—"Look at Georgie Perry with a man's hat on."
Georgie Perry—"It ain't no man's hat either, its Arch Williams.

Fred Buck and Dewey Ford were walking down the street when they met a bunch of girls. Fred looked at Dewey and said. "Did you see that girl smile at me?" "That's nothing, said Ford, "The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

"Little Tige" (to Prof. Wright) "Pop, what's monologue?"
Prof. Wright, "A monologue is a conversation between man and wife."
Little Tige, "I thought that was a dialogue."
Prof. Wright, "No, a dialogue is where two persons are speaking."

Crowe came over to see Addie one evening and said: "Pete," I'm going to kiss you when I leave."
Addie promptly said, "Leave at Once."

Dr. Hayden asked his bible class this question, "Why was Eve made?" George Baker answered the question by saying she was made for Adams Express Company.

The college students were arranged before the magistrate, charged with disturbing public worship.
"Have you a lawyer?" asked the magistrate.
"We have not" answered Joe Pursell. "We have decided to tell the truth,"

New Student. "Who is Prof. Hayden always making faces at?"
Old Student. "He isn't making faces, that's his natural look."

Frank Farrow—"Why is kissing a young girl like a game of seven up?"
Helen Chavannes—"Because if you want to kiss her you "beg" and if she thinks she can gain her point she gives you one."

George Baker—"Where is the best place to go when you are broke?"
Dr. Hopwood—"Go to work."

Pete Trusler—I saw a wonderful operation today; the surgeon took a lung out of a man.
Evelyn Love—That's nothing, Pete. I know a wife that left her husband, and she took the heart out of him.

George Tipton—What else besides a young horse goes faster when it is broke?
Joe Pursell—A five dollar bill.

Pokey Keebler—Ben, What's the best way to keep a dog from going mad in Aug.
Lewis—Shoot him in July.

Williams—Baker, what are you dressed up for?
Baker—I am going to a dog fight.
Williams—Do you think you will lick him?

Hopwood—Crouch, how is your health?
Crouch—Alright Professor. Why?
Hopwood—It seems that you are here for your health.

Ford—After knocking the ball out of the lot just stood still.
Peebles—Run! Run!! Run!!!
Ford—With his knees trembling, said, if I have lost your ball, I'll buy you another one.

During the election of officers at a meeting of the sub-fresh class, Quinzell arose and said "I move that the nominations cease and the president be elected by exclamation."

Prof. Wright (In class) What is the shape of the earth?
Harry Wells—Round.
Prof. Wright—How do you know that it is round?
Harry Wells—Alright then it's square, I don't want to start any argument about it.

Geo. Baker. "Believe me I am getting it, too, kid."

Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views in thy champing mug
No wad of chewing gum.

MRS. HOPWOOD

Mrs. Hopwood—Yes, my dear girlies, you should all learn to cut your finger nails with your left hand for there is no telling but that you may loose your right hand some day.

Dr. Boyd (in sociology class)—Well, Hyder, what did you see in the papers that you thought of interest?

Sam: I saw where the government was selling colored pictures of George Washington at one cent apiece.

Boyd: Indeed, and where can you buy them?

Sam: Go to the Post Office and buy a one-cent stamp.

Miss Chavannes a few weeks before the banquet, wishing to be informed upon the latest table etiquette, etc., answered an advertisement in some paper, sending fifty cents for a book entitled "What to Do at the Table." A week later she received the book with just one word in it, and this word was "eat."

Be it hereby resolved that the name "Ground Hog Day" be changed to "Sausage Day."—Milligan Abbreviation Society.

Dr. Boyd—And you say the Irishman builds his pig pen just under his bedroom window? What does he do that for?

Hayden—To keep his pigs in.

Dr. Boyd—Ah very bright, but speaking of pigs: what would you do if you were a butcher and some one wanted to buy a yard of pig meat?

Hayden—I do not know.

Dr. Boyd—Why give him three pig feet.

To Our President, Miss Perry

Did ever maid of any land
Lead forth a more devoted band,
Or rule it with more Queenly hand
Or gentler sceptered sway,
Than thou, Fair Express of our class,
Or did by regal rule surpass
Thy modest, Queenly way?
As when the flowers that have lain
Asleep through Winter's awful reign
Awake to greet the kiss of spring,
So will our souls awake
When thoughts arrest the wheels of time
And take us back to "Auld Lang Syne"
And old scenes new remake.
Though we disband new walks to find
And for the world we leave thy shrine,
Thy mem'ry still in each one's mind
And in each loyal heart
Will linger yet, But ere we pass
To a new world, we drink, Oh Class,
Our Sov'reign's health ere we depart.

T. BOWMAN.

Senior Beatitudes

Blessed are ye when your teachers shall flunk you for they have been flunked before you.

Blessed are you who hunger and thirst after "dog jelly" for you shall be filled at Shupe's.

Blessed are ye when you are bored with anti-smoke lectures for others have been bored before you.

Blessed are they who are well supplied with ponies for they shall find time to talk to the girls.

Blessed are they who are caught spooning in the vestibule for they shall receive an abundance of post cards.

Blessed are they who while in school are never caught spooning in the vestibule.

Blessed are they who can run a bluff, for in order to get by they shall not have to stuff.

Blessed are they whom the first bell wakes
For they shall get in for their oatmeal and flakes;
But cursed is he who misses the peal
For he shall not have any flakes and oatmeal.

Blessed are they who at dinner time
Shall hear again this musical chime;
For they who come in responce to this horn
Shall be fed on beans, potatoes, and corn.

Blessed are they who while eve's shadows cling
Shall hear once more that old bell ring;
For they shall go back to the dining room
To get their peanut butter, pickles and prunes.

AROUND MILLIGAN

Students Ten Commandments

1. Thou shall not attend classes only when it pleaseth thee to do so.
2. Thou shall close thy door when thou goest to smoke, otherwise the president may catch thee.
3. When questioned by the president thou shalt swear before God and man that thou hast not smoked for years and years.
4. Thou shalt call all of thy fellow students by their first name even though it has been forbidden by the faculty.
5. Thou shalt not spend thy father's money for dog jelly, for it is made of horse bones and cow tails.
6. Thou shalt not miss any picture shows when it is in thy power to attend them.
7. Thou shalt not miss any local shows.
8. Thou shalt send any couple whom thou catchest spooning a post card otherwise they shall not know that they have been caught.
9. Thou shalt not go walking with and girl when it does not meet the approval of the other girls.
10. Thou shalt hang shirts and trousers over the heads of the faculty to prove that thou hast sympathy for the poor.

IF THIS LOG DON'T ROLL
I'LL LAND A WHOPPER.
DU PONT'S
60%
NITRO-GLYCERINE
DYNAMITE.
THOMAS.16

THE END.

Advertisements

Milligan College

MILLIGAN COLLEGE, TENN.

Co-educational, Non-denominational, Highly Christian. More than half century of noble service—The acme of substantial Christian culture, not a slave to fashion, levity and sham, in many states of the union, the alumni doing highest Christian service. Located in nature's most favored spot, salubrious climate, charming scenery, gurgling mountain springs, in the midst of a land replete with historic lore, standardized courses, academic, collegiate, state recognition, state certification for graduate teachers, home economic courses, commercial courses, ministerial courses, music courses, instrumental, voice and violin, commodious buildings, modern equipment, electric light, steam heat, hot and cold water in rooms, comfortable and thoroughly sanitary furnishings, excellent table board, expenses very reasonable, scholarships to the right person, books and other furnishings supplied at the college store. Correspondence invited.

J. HOPWOOD, President

Milligan College, Tenn.

RUSSELL'S HAIR CUTTING PARLOR

It is located in the Majestic Theatre Building, and is one of the nicest, clean little shaving parlors to be found in the city. We are never in too big a hurry to give our customers what they pay for. Our aim is to please and not to displease, and if our work pleases you recommend it to your friends. If we don't suit you the first time, tell us where we failed and we will do our best to please you the next time. We will appreciate your suggestions and we want your trade.

F. A. RUSSELL, PROPRIETOR

237½ Majestic Building, Main St. JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

TIME INSPECTORS FOR SOUTHERN AND C., C. & O. RAILWAY

I. N. BECKNER & SON

WATCHMAKERS :: JEWELERS
OPTICIANS

WE KNOW HOW

202 MAIN STREET JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

D. S. REDMOND

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions, Toilet Articles Stationery and Students Supplies Satisfied Customers Is My Aim

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TENNESSEE

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The Home of High Class Vaudevilles and Moving Pictures

Open Daily Opposite the Fountain Square

Matinee 5 ¢ Night 5 and 10 ¢

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GEO. T. WOFFORD, Vice-President
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UNAKA NATIONAL BANK

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

Capital $100,000.00
Surplus $ 58,000.00

RESOURCES

One and One-Half Million Dollars
The Largest Bank Between Knoxville and Roanoke

CITY, COUNTY, STATE AND
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

DEPOSITORS FOR MOUNTAIN BRANCH
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"A Good Drug Store"

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I APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

J. B. ROITHNER

The Jeweler

Has everything you call for in that line. Watch reparing and engraving a specialty. :: :: :: ::

106 Roan Street

JOHNSON CITY TENN.

STATEMENT

OF THE

First Nat'l Bank

OF ELIZABETHTON, TENN.

TOTAL RESOURCES

Dec. 31st, 1910	$ 128,229.92
Dec. 30th, 1911	242,255.47
Dec. 31st, 1912	230,813.26
Dec. 31st, 1913	255,248.11
Dec. 31st, 1914	378,767.92
Dec. 31st, 1915	512,284.22
Mch. 7th, 1916	701,691.82

We Solicit, Appreciate and Protect Your Business. -::-

J. P. BOWERS, Cashier.

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Stop Lugginng the Coal Bucket :-: :-:

Old-style heating is an endless round of work and worry. Why continue it? Put a stop to it at once and forever by changing over to an outfit of :-: :-:

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL Boilers

All rooms and halls kept evenly warm. House is not littered with coal dust, ashes and soot. This greatly reduces housework and gives longer life to furnishings and decorations. Makes NEW or OLD buildings better for living, selling, renting **Ask for Estimates.**

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Manufacturers and Distributors of Purity Ice Cream and Ice.

Phone 8

JOHNSON CITY TENNESSEE

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INCORPORATED

Gray Iron, Brass and Aluminum Founders

Oxyacetylene welding and cutting

Engineers and Machinists, Boiler and Pattern Makers. :: ::

JOHNSON CITY TENN.

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HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE, VEHICLES AND IMPLEMENTS. MILL, MINE and ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

Building Material

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We fit the feet City Shoe Store

City Shoe Store

The Exclusive Shop

J. SMITH ANDERSON, Prop.

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JOHNSON CITY TENN.

Barnes - Boring Hardware Co.

INCORPORATED

Wholesale and Retail

HARDWARE

ELIZABETHTON TENN.

Boyden Shoes Florsheim Shoes
Howard and Foster Shoes

The Frank Miller Co.

Kahn Taylored Clothes

No Name Hats Emery Shirts

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JOHNSON CITY TENN.

SUITS

To Measure $15 and Up

Spring Oxfords
Hats and Shirts

ARE NOW IN READY FOR
YOUR INSPECTION :: ::

Pedigo Company

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B. F. STANSBERY, Prop.

Strictly First-Class White Tonsorial Artists, with from six to twelve years' experience

TUB and SHOWER BATHS

Satisfaction Guaranteed

GIVE US A CALL

119 Baffalo Street

JOHNSON CITY - TENN.

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INCORPORATED

WHOLESALE GROCERS

ELIZABETHTON - TENN.

H. R. PARROTT Motor Company

Agents for Ford and Buick Cars

SERVICE STATION for BOTH

Carry a full line of repairs and accessaries. Agents for Good-Year and Imperial Tires and Tubes.

PROMPT SERVICE

Satisfaction Guaranteed

JOHNSON CITY - TENN.

THE NEW Hart & Houston STORE

Twenty-five years of service, from a small store to one of the largest in East Tennessee.

Ever THINK About It?

There is a reason for it. Things don't just happen when it comes to getting people to spend their money. People of Milligan, we WANT your trade and will appreciate it. Our name behind everything we sell.

JOHNSON CITY - TENN.

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ILLUSTRATIONS
CHARTS

Best Prices

G. TOLLIE THOMAS

BRISTOL TENNESSEE

DIVINE & GUINN

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Phone 331 Old Line

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Harr Building

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Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

JOHNSON CITY, TENN

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The Buffalo Flour Mills

"The Buffalo Has the Go"

WHITE LILY AND SILVER DUST LEADERS

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We carry a full line of SPAULDING'S BASE BALLS Gloves, Mits, Bats, Shoes, and in fact everything needed on the diamond. Also a complete line of Tennis Goods

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The Coziest and Most Up-to-Date Ice Cream Parlor in Johnson City

Ice Cream
Drinks Candies
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When in Johnson City you will want something out of the ordinary in the eating line. We maintain a menu that will do honor to a metropolitan city.

WE SERVE ONLY THE BEST

procurable on the markets of the large cities from which we get our supplies and at a reasonable price. Served in the most attractive dining room in East Tennessee.

IDOL INN Cafe and Fountain

Old Phone 73 New 127

JOHNSON CITY TENNESSEE

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BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER

OFFICE SUPPLIES

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Johnson City Tennessee

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ESTABLISHED IN JOHNSON CITY OVER QUARTER CENTURY. HIGH-GRADE WEAR FOR BOTH MEN AND BOYS

JOHNSON CITY, TENN

CRUMLEY'S

FOR THE LATEST STYLES IN WOMENS AND MISSES READY TO WEAR. DON'T FAIL TO GO TO CRUMLEY'S IN JOHNSON CITY. ::

J. F. Crumley Company

Automobiles for Hire

THREE FIVE STUDEBAKER SEVEN PASSENGER CARS. GARAGE OPEN ALL HOURS

Prompt Service. Rates Reasonable

JOHNSON AUTO COMPANY

INCORPORATED

BOTH TELEPHONES 420

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"Not the Cheapest but the Best"

Call or telephone, we can mail them to you on next train. Get them from :-: :-:

GUNNAR TEILMANN

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Temple Garden Coffee

in red cans. 25 cents lb.
TRY IT. :-: :-:

Quail Oats

for three years the largest seller in this section. Accept no substitute, :-: :-:

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JONESBORO TENN.

Our Slogan
"Service First"

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Washington County
GAS COMPANY

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Invites you to call on him for your suit. Working on the bench for eighteen years, I am able to give you the best workmanship ever shown in your city and at the lowest price. Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing. All work guaranteed. :-: :-: :-: :-

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SILVER MOON RESTAURANT

Up to Date Quick Lunch

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$15 and $20 Only-Values Up to $27.50

We sell for cash & one price--A reason for offering $20 clothes for $15

You will always find newest and correct styles in all our Departments. Clapp and Steadfast Shoes for Gentlemen. Arrow Shirts and Collars. Our 50 cent Neckwear Department unexcelled.

New Styles Every Week

Special Attention and Service to College Boys. You are Welcome at our Store without purchasing. Make us your Headquarters when in Johnson City.

OUR MOTTO: Service and Quality. Cash and One-Price.

Come in any time and visit us

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The Place Where You Buy to Best Advantage

Millinery, Suits, Coats, Shoes and all kinds of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods and Notions.

WE ARE EQUIPPED TO GIVE YOU THE BEST SERVICE

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East Tennessee's Most Modern Laundry

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The Leading Furniture and Undertaking Establishment of East Tennessee.

You will find a welcome here

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Both Phones 66

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BASEBALL TEAM SUITS A SPECIALTY

Gloves, Shoes, Bats, Balls, etc., etc.

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